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A

COLLECTION

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Select HYMNS

Extracted from the WORKS of

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Printed in the Year MDCCCLIX



A COLLECTION of select HYMNS

HYMN I

For SERIOUSNESS.

- 1 **T**HOU God of glorious Majesty,
To Thee against Myself to Thee
A Worm of Earth I cry,
An half-awaken'd Child of Man,
An Heir of endless Bliss or Pain,
A Sinner born to die.
- 2 Lo ! on a narrow Neck of Land,
'Twixt two unbounded Seas I stand,
Secure, insensible :
A Point of Life, a Moment's Space,
Removes me to that Heavenly Place,
Or shuts me up in Heil.
- 3 O God, mine inmost Soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful Heart
Eternal Things impress,
Give me to feel their solemn Weight,
And tremble on the Brink of Fate,
And wake to Righteousness.
- 4 Before me place in dread Array
The Pomp of that tremend'ous Day,
When Thou with Clouds shalt come,

To judge the Nations at thy Bar :
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a *joyful* Doom ?

- 5 Be this my one great Business here,
With serious Industry and Fear,
My future Bliss t'insure,
Thine utmost Counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous Will,
And to the End endure.
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my Soul receive,
Transported from the Vale to live
And reign with Thee above,
Where Faith is sweetly lost in Sight,
And Hope in full supreme Delight,
And everlasting Love.

H Y M N II.

A B B A F A T H E R !

- 1 **L**ORD, I know not how to pray,
Help mine Infirmary,
Tell me, FATHER, what to say,
And I will speak to Thee,
Wretched, poor, and helpless I
Would fain be taken to thy Breast ;
*ABBA FATHER, hear me cry,
And lull my Soul to Rest.*
- 2 E'er I utter my Complaint
; My Wants to Thee are known ;
Need I tell Thee that I want
The Spirit of Thy SON ?
Still, alas ! for this I sigh,
Forlorn, forsaken and distressed ;
ABBA FATHER, &c.

A 2

Once

3 Once I knew Thee reconcil'd,
 And saw Thy smiling Face,
 Loving as a little Child,
 I lis'd my FATHER's Praise :
 Now I cannot find Thee nigh,
 By Clouds of Sin and Grief oppress'd :
 ABBA FATHER, &c.

4 Ever hoping against Hope,
 I struggle to believe :
 'Till Thy Mercy lift me up,
 Contentedly I grieve ;
 Weeping at Thy Feet I lie
 That I have so my GOD displeas'd :
 ABBA FATHER, &c.

5 Tho' Thou seem to cast me out,
 And leave me still to mourn,
 Yet Thou wilt (I dare not doubt)
 Thou wilt at last return :
 Thou canst not Thyself deny,
 Of Thee I shall be re-possess'd :
 ABBA FATHER, &c.

6 To chastise me for my Pride
 Thou hidest now Thy Face :
 When my Will is crucified,
 I shall regain Thy Grace ;
 Pain shall at Thy Presence fly,
 Again I shall in Thee be blest :
 ABBA FATHER, &c.

7 Let me from this Moment give
 My fond Complaining's o'er,
 Unto Thee the Matter leave,
 And teach my GOD no more ;

When

When and as Thou wilt comply,
 But grant, O grant me my Request :
 ABBA FATHER, &c.

- 8 Perfect what Thou hast begun,
 And love me to the End,
 Send, because I am Thy Son;
 To me Thy Spirit send ;
 On Thy Promise I rely,
 Thy Manner and Thy Time is best :
 ABBA, FATHER, &c.
-

H Y M N III.

For New Year's Day.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of Earth and Sky
 The GOD of Ages praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless Days,
 Who lengthens out our Trial here,
 And spares us yet another Year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd Trees
 We cumber'd long the Ground,
 No Fruit of Holiness
 On our dead Souls was found ;
 Yet doth he us in Mercy spare
 Another and another Year.
- 3 When Justice bar'd the Sword
 To cut the Fig Tree down,
 The Pity of our Lord
 Cried, let it still alone !
 The Father mild inclines his Ear,
 And spares us yet another Year.
- 4 **J**ESUS, Thy speaking Blood
 From GOD obtain'd the Grace, Who

Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer Space,
 Thou did'st in our Behalf appear,
 And lo ! we see another Year.

- 5 Then dig about our Root,
 Turn up our Fallow Ground,
 And let our gracious Fruit
 To thy great Praise abound,
 O let us all thy Praise declare,
 And Fruit unto Perfection bear.
-

HYMN IV.

- 1 **M**Y GOD I am thine,
 What a Comfort divine,
 What a Blessing to know that my JESUS is mine !
- 2 In the Heavenly Lamb
 Thrice happy I am ;
 My Heart it doth Dance to the Sound of thy Name.
- 3 True Pleasures abound
 In the rapturous Sound ;
 And whoever hath found it hath Paradise found.
- 4 My JESUS to know,
 And feel his Blood flow,
 'Tis Life everlasting, 'tis Heaven below.
- 5 Yet onward I haste
 To the Heavenly Feast ;
 That, that is the Fulness ; but this is the Taste.
- 6 And this I shall prove,
 'Till with Joy I remove
 To the Heaven of Heavens of JESUS's Love.

HYMN

H Y M N V.

- 1 **M**Y JESUS, my Lamb,
All Weakness I am,
But Strength and Salvation are found in thy Name.
- 2 I come for the Grace,
Thy Father did place
On Thee for myself, and for all the lost Race.
- 3 Be near to defend,
Continue my Friend ;
I know Thou hast lov'd me ; but love to the End.
- 4 Our Safeguard Thou art,
And shou'dst Thou depart,
I perish, destroy'd by my own evil Heart.
- 5 But I trust Thou wilt stay
'Till I see the glad Day, [away.
When Thy Blood shall have wash'd all my Evil
- 6 I have Faith in my Blood,
It hath brought me to God,
And I in Thine Image shall soon be renew'd.
- 7 I shall throughly be clean,
And all holy within ;
Thine Image can harbour no Relicks of Sin.
- 8 Of Pardon possessest,
Yet can I not rest
In the first Gift but earnestly covet the best.
- 9 The best I shall prove,
When perfect in Love,
I serve Thee on Earth as the Angels above.

10 This, this is the Prize,
To Perfection I rise,
And walk before God, 'till I fly to the Skies.

H Y M N VI.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I in Thy Strength arise,
From my dead sleep of Sin,
And lift with Shame my guilty Eyes,
And groan to be made clean.
- 2 Unworthy to be call'd Thy Son,
Yet a good Hope I feel,
Thou never wilt Thyself disown,
Thou art my Father still.
- 3 The Father of my dying LORD,
And therefore mine Thou art,
Thy Bowels are in JESUS stirr'd,
And full of Love Thy Heart.
- 4 That Fulness of Thy pitying Love
To me in CHRIST reveal,
Again my Unbelief remove,
Again my Pardon seal.
- 5 The Word of reconciling Grace
I long to feel applied:
O let me see Thy smiling Face,
And know Thee pacified.
- 6 Thy Prodigal in CHRIST receive,
The Forfeiture restore,
Forgive, for JESUS Sake forgive,
And bid me Sin no more.

HYMN

H Y M N VII.

- 1 JESU, go not far from me,
 For Sin is hard at Hand,
 I have none to help but Thee,
 Enable me to stand.
 Hear out of the Deep my Cry,
 And help me now as heretofore ;
 Save me, save me, or I die,
 I fall to rise no more.
- 2 God of my Salvation, hear,
 In this my Time of Need ;
 See the Day of Battle near,
 And skreen my naked Head ;
 Send me Succour from on high,
 And hide me 'till the Storm is o'er ;
 Save me, &c.
- 3 Thou hast oft my Refuge been,
 And Thou art still the same ;
 Snatch me from the Jaws of Sin,
 O quench the violent Flame,
 Bring Thy great Salvation nigh,
 Stir up Thine interposing Power,
 Save me, &c.
- 4 Help on Thee, Thou mighty One,
 For all Mankind is laid ;
 Let it now on me be shewn,
 Be Thou my present Aid,
 O come quickly, and stand by
 My Soul throughout the trying Hour ;
 Save me, &c.

Help

- 5 Help me now, but let me still
 My Want of Help confess,
 Hang upon my Arm and feel
 My utter Helplessness,
 Only this be all my Cry,
 'Till Thou my ruin'd Soul restore:
 Save me, save me, or I die,
 I fall to rise no more.
-

H Y M N VIII.

For a Tender CONSCIENCE.

- 1 **A**lmighty God of Truth and Love,
 In me Thy Power exert,
 The Mountain from my Soul remove,
 The Hardness of my Heart:
 My most obdurate Heart subdue,
 In Honour of Thy Son,
 And now the gracious Wonder shew,
 And take away the Stone.
- 2 I want a Principle within,
 Of jealous, godly Fear,
 A sensibility of Sin,
 A Pain to feel it near:
 I want the first Approach to feel
 Of Pride or fond Desire,
 To catch the Wand'rings of my Will,
 And quench the kindling Fire.
- 3 From Thee that I no more may part,
 No more Thy Goodness grieve,
 The filial Awe, the fleshly Heart,
 The tender Conscience give;

Quick

Quick as the Apple of an Eye,
 O GOD my Conscience make ;
 Awake my Soul when Sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.

- 4 If to the Right or Left I stray,
 That Moment, LORD reprove,
 And let me weep my Life away,
 For having griev'd Thy Love :
 Give me to feel an idle Thought
 As actual Wickedness,
 And mourn for the minutest Fault
 In exquisite Distress.
- 5 O may the least Omission pain
 My well-instructed Soul,
 And drive me to the Blood again,
 Which makes the wounded whole :
 More of this tender Spirit, more
 Of this Affliction send,
 And spread the moral Sense all o'er,
 'Till Pain with Life shall end.

H Y M N IX.

Come, for all Things are now ready.

- 1 **S**INNERS obey the Gospel-Word,
 Haste to the Supper of my LORD ;
 Be wise to know your gracious Day,
 All Things are ready ; Come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
 And kiss his late returning Son ;
 Ready your loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding Hands.

Ready

- 3 Ready the Spirit of his Love,
Just now the Stony to remove,
T'apply, and witness with the Blood,
And wash and seal the Sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the Angels wait,
To triumph in your blest Estate ;
Tuning their Harps they long to praise
The Wonders of redeeming Grace.
- 5 The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST
Is ready with their shining Host,
All Heaven is ready to resound
" The Dead's alive, the Lost is found ! "
- 6 Come then ye Sinners, to your LORD,
In CHRIST to Paradise restor'd ;
His proffer'd Benefits embrace,
The Plentitude of Gospel Grace :
- 7 A Pardon written with his Blood,
The Favour and the Peace of God,
The seeing Eye, the feeling Sense,
The mystic Joys of Penitence ;
- 8 The godly Grief, the pleasing Smart,
The Meltings of a broken Heart,
The Tears that tell your Sins forgiven,
The Sighs that waft your Soul to Heaven.
- 9 The guiltless Shame, the sweet Distress,
Th' unutterable Tenderness,
The genuine meek Humility,
The Wonder, " Why such Love to me ! "
- 10 Th' o'erwhelming Power of saving Grace,
The Sight that veils the Seraph's face,
The speechless Awe that dares not move,
And all the silent Heaven of Love !

H Y M N X.

- 1 COME all whoe'er have set
 Your Faces *Sion*-ward,
 In JESUS let us ~~still walk on,~~ *meet*
 And praise our common LORD,
 In JESUS let us still walk on,
 'Till all appear before his Throne.
- 2 Nearer and nearer still
 We to our Country come,
 To that celestial Hill,
 The weary Pilgrim's Home,
 The new *Jerusalem* above,
 The Seat of everlasting Love.
- 3 The ransom'd Sons of God,
 All earthly Things we scorn,
 And to our high Abode,
 With Songs of Praise return,
 From Strength to Strength we still proceed,
 With Crowns of Joy uppn our Head.
- 4 The Peace and Joy of Faith
 We every Moment feel,
 Redeem'd from Sin and Wrath,
 And Death, and Earth and Hell,
 We to our Father's House repair,
 To meet our elder Brother there.
- 5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
 Our All in All is he,
 And in his Steps who tread,
 We soon his Face shall see,
 Shall see him with our glorious Friends,
 And then in Heaven our Journey ends.

H Y M N

H Y M N XL

- 1 **A**H! tell me **LORD**, for whom I pine,
And mourn in deep Distress,
How long shall this weak Heart incline
To it's own Wickedness?
How long shall I my Nature fear,
Yet what I loath desire,
And melt at the Temptation near,
As Wax before the Fire?
- 2 Thou know'st the undissembled Pain,
The real Grief I feel,
While dark and trembling I remain
As on the Verge of Hell.
I groan to feel my Heart relent;
By Sin almost subdu'd,
And blush to find I could consent
To grieve my gracious God.
- 3 My gracious God, how shall I shun
This Enemy within?
Out of myself I cannot run,
To 'scape my Bosom Sin:
I fear in some unguarded Hour
Left it my Soul betray,
And give me up to *Satan's* Power,
An unresisting Prey.
- 4 O that Thou wouldst stretch out Thine Hand;
By this weak, sinking Soul,
In every close Temptation stand,
And all my Lusts controul.
The Strength of saving Grace above
My Nature's Strength exert,

Thou

Thou God of all victorious Love,
Thou greater than my Heart.

- 5 O that Thou wouldst root out the Thorn,
Destroy the Enmity,
Set me a Time for Thy return,
And then remember me.
Contract, or lengthen out my Years,
But 'till they all are past,
Preserve me from my Sins and Fears,
But fully save at last.
-

H Y M N XII.

- 1 **H**ELP, LORD, to whom for Help I fly,
And still my tempted Soul stand by
Throughout this evil Day;
The sacred Watchfulness impart,
And keep the Issues of my Heart,
And stir me up to pray.
- 2 My Soul with Thy whole Armour arm,
In each Approach of Sin alarm,
And shew the Danger near.
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly Jealousy,
And sanctifying Fear.
- 3 Whene'er my feeble Hands hang down,
O let me see Thy gathering Frown,
And feel thy warning Eye,
And starting cry from Ruin's Brink,
Save JESUS or I yield, I sink,
O save me or I die.
- 4 If near the Pit I rashly stay,
Before I *wholly* fall away,
The keen Conviction dart ;

Recall

Recall me with that pitying Look,
That kind upbraiding Glance, which broke
Unfaithful *Peter's* Heart.

- 5 In me Thine utmost Mercy shew,
And make me as Thyself below,
Unblameable in Grace,
Ready prepar'd, and fitted here
By perfect Holiness t'appear
Before Thy glorious Face.
-

H Y M N XIII.

- 1 **C**OME let us arise,
And aim at ~~our~~ Prize, *The*
The Hope of our Calling on this Side the Skies.
- 2 By Works let us shew
That **J**ESUS we know,
While steadily on to Perfection we go.
- 3 But may we not strive,
Yet never arive
To be Saints, or to live without Sin, while alive
- 4 No, no, never fear,
If we look for him here,
But our uttermost Saviour in us shall appear.
- 5 We dare not believe
That **G**OD can deceive,
And never intend what he promis'd to give.
- 6 He hath said, from all Sin
Ye here shall be clean,
All-holy, all-pure, and and all-glorious within.

- 7 We rest on his Word,
We shall here be restor'd
To his Image ; the Servant shall be as his LORD.
- 8 Our Faith is not vain,
We are sure to regain
The Nature Divine of the Heavenly Man.
- 9 Then let us not stop,
But continue in Hope,
Rejoicing, 'till all in his Image wake up :
- 10 His Purity share,
His Character bear,
And the Truth of his hallowing Promise declare.
- 11 Thus, let us stay,
And wait for the Day
When the Angels are sent to conduct us away.
- 12 When with Joy we remove
To our Brethren above,
And fly up to heaven in a Chariot of Love.

H Y M N XIV.

LUKE XVIII. 1. *Men ought always to pray, and
not to faint,*

- 1 COME, ye Followers of the LORD,
In JESU'S Service join ;
JESUS gives the sacred Word,
The Ordinance Divine ;
Let us his Command obey,
And ask, and have whate'er we want,
Pray we, every Moment pray,
And never, never faint.

2 Place no longer let us give
 To the old Tempter's Will,
 Never more our Duties leave.
 While *Satan* cries, Be still !
 Stand we in the antient Way,
 And here with God ourselves acquaint,
 Pray we, &c.

3 Be it weariness and Pain
 To slothful Flesh and Blood,
 Yet we will the Cross sustain,
 And bless the welcome Load,
 All our Grievs to God display.
 And humbly pour out our Complaint,
 Pray we, &c.

4 Let us patiently endure,
 And still our Wants declare ;
 All the Promises are sure
 To persevere in Prayer ;
 'Till we see the perfect Day,
 And each wakes up a sinless Saint,
 Pray we &c.

5 Pray we on when all renew'd,
 And perfected in Love.
 'Till we see the Saviour God,
 Descending from above,
 All his heavenly Charms survey,
 Beyond what Angel-Minds can paint,
 Pray we &c.

6 Pray we in the Realms of Light,
 'Till we behold his Face,
 Faith shall there be lost in Sight,
 And Prayer in endless Praise :
 Blest thro' one eternal Day,
 Possess of all that God can grant ;

There

There we need not, cannot pray,
For Heaven is all we want.

H Y M N X V.

- 1 JESU, great Shepherd of the Sheep,
To thee for Help we fly ;
Thy little Flock in Safety keep,
For O ! the Wolf is nigh.
- 2 He comes of helish Malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay ;
He seizes every straggling Soul,
As his own lawful Prey.
- 3 Us into thy Protection take,
And gather with thine Arm :
Unless the Fold we first forsake,
The Wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel Power,
While at our Shepherd's Side ;
The Sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.
- 5 O do not suffer him to part
The Souls that here agree ;
But make us of one Mind and Heart,
And keep us one in Thee.
- 6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die,
And each a starry Crown receive,
And reign above the Sky.
- 7 Keep us 'till then in perfect Peace,
And call us each to prove,
An endless Age of Heavenly Bliss,
An endless Age of Love.

HYMN

HYMN XVI.

For a FAMIL Y.

- 1 **J**ESU, LORD we look to Thee,
Let us in thy Name agree,
Shew Thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid our Jars for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling Love
Every Stumbling-Block remove,
Each to Each unite, endear,
Come, and spread thy Banner here.
- 3 Make us of one Heart and Mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in Thought and Word,
Altogether like our LORD.
- 4 Let us Each for C^her care,
Each his Brother's Burthen bear,
To thy Church the Pattern give,
Shew how true Believers live.
- 5 Free from Anger and from Pride,
Let us then in GOD abide,
All the Depth of Love express,
All the Height of Holiness.
- 6 Let us then with Joy remove
To thy Family above,
On the Wings of Angels fly,
Shew how true Believers die,

HYMN

H Y M N^s XVII.*On your BIRTH-DAY.*

- 1 **G**OD of my Life, to Thee
My chearful Soul I raise,
Thy Goodness bad me be,
And still prolongs my Days :
I see my natal Hour return,
And bless the Day that I was born.
- 2 A Clod of living Earth
I glorify thy Name,
From whom alone my Birth,
And all my Blessings came ;
Creating and preserving Grace.
Let all that is within me praise.
- 3 My Soul, and all it's Powers,
Thine, wholly thine shall be,
All, all my happy Hours
I consecrate to Thee ;
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am
Shall magnify my Maker's Name.
- 4 Long as I live beneath,
To Thee O let me live,
To Thee my every Breath
In Thanks, and Blessings give ;
Me to thine Image now restore,
And I shall praise Thee evermore.
- 5 Thy former Gift is vain,
Unless Thou lift me up,
Begetting me again
Unto a lively Hope ;

O let

O let me know that Second Birth,
And live the Life of Heaven on Earth.

6 I wait thy Will to do
As Angels do in Heaven,
In CHRIST a Creature New,
Eternally forgiven ;

I wait thy perfect Will to prove,
When sanctified by sinless Love.

7 O might I soon attain
My holy Calling's Prize !
And grow, when born again,
And to thy Stature rise ;
From Strength to Strength, from Grace to Grace,
Till meet to see Thy glorious Face.

8 Then, when the Work is done,
The Work of Faith with Power,
Call home Thy favour'd Son
At Death's triumphant Hour,
Like *Moses* to Thyself convey,
And kiss my raptur'd Soul away.

H Y M N XVIII.

1 **O** JUST, let me kiss thy Name !
All Sin alas ! Thou know'st I am
But Thou all Pity art ;
Turn unto Flesh my Heart of Stone,
Such Power belongs to Thee alone,
Turn into Flesh my Heart.

2 A poor unloving Wretch to Thee,
For Help against Myself I flee ;
Thou only canst remove
The Hindrances out of thy Way,
And soften my unyielding Clay
And mould it into Love.

3 O let

- 3 O let thy Spirit shed abroad
The Love, the perfect Love of God,
In this cold Heart of Mine!
O might He now descend, and rest
And dwell for ever in my Breast,
And make me all Divine!
- 4 What shall I do my Suit to gain
O Lamb of God, for Sinners slain,
I plead what Thou hast done:
Didst Thou not die the Death for me
Jesus, remember Calvary,
And break this Heart of Stone.
- 5 Take the dear Purchase of thy Blood,
My Friends, and Advocate with God,
My Ransom and my Peace,
Surety, who all my Debt hast paid,
For all my Sins Attonement made,
The Lord my Righteousness.
- 6 Why didst Thou leave thy Throne above
But that the Secret of Thy Love
Might to my Soul be known?
Hast Thou not given Thyself for me,
That I might only live to Thee,
Might die to Thee alone?
- 7 Be it according to Thy Will,
In me thy Mystic Love reveal,
And All in Earth and Heaven
Shall own that I their Love outvie:
There's none can love so much as I,
None hath so much forgiven.



